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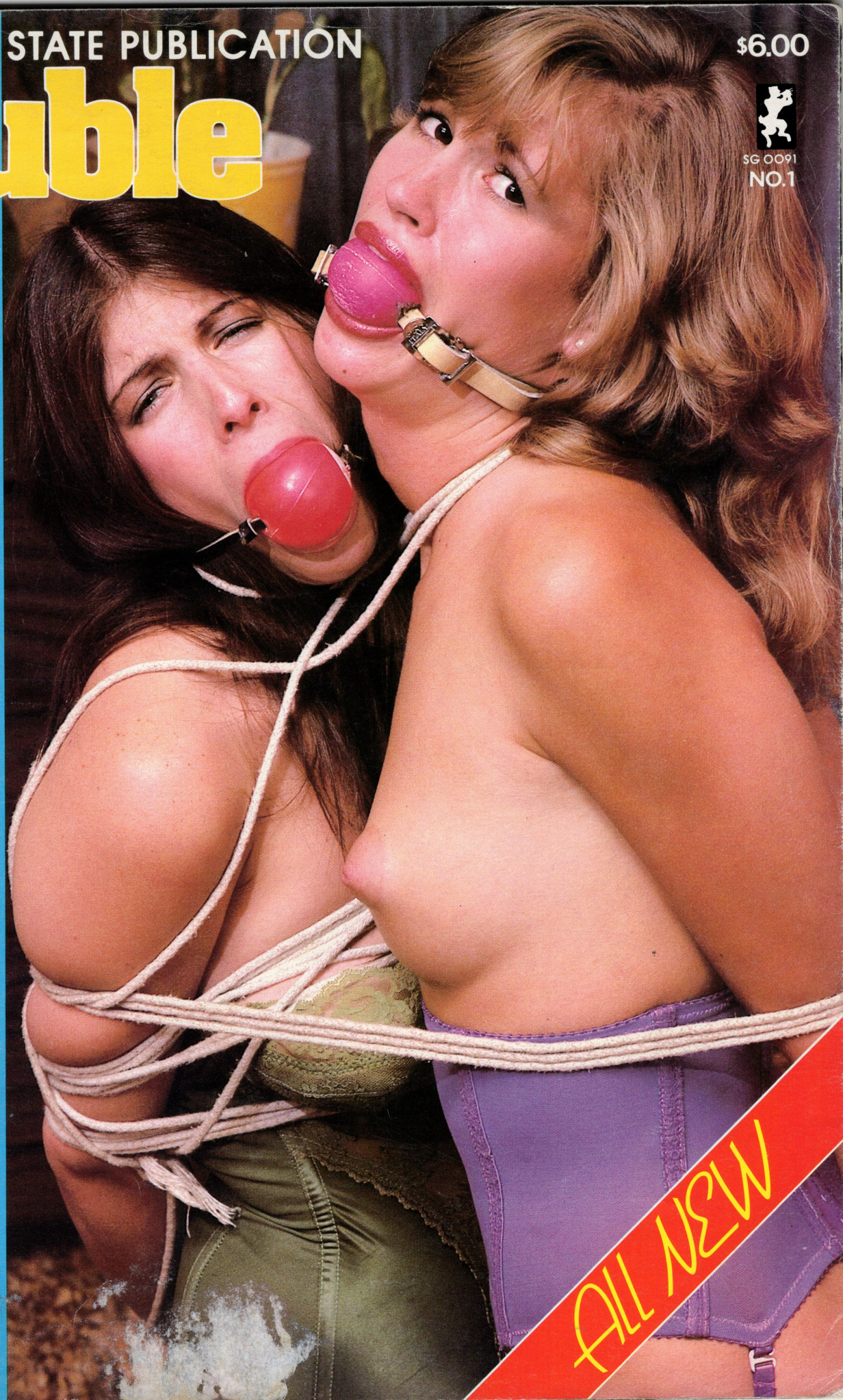


SG 0091
NO.1

double

BONDAGE

ADULTS ONLY



ALL NEW



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All models are over 18 years of age





Sondage duet

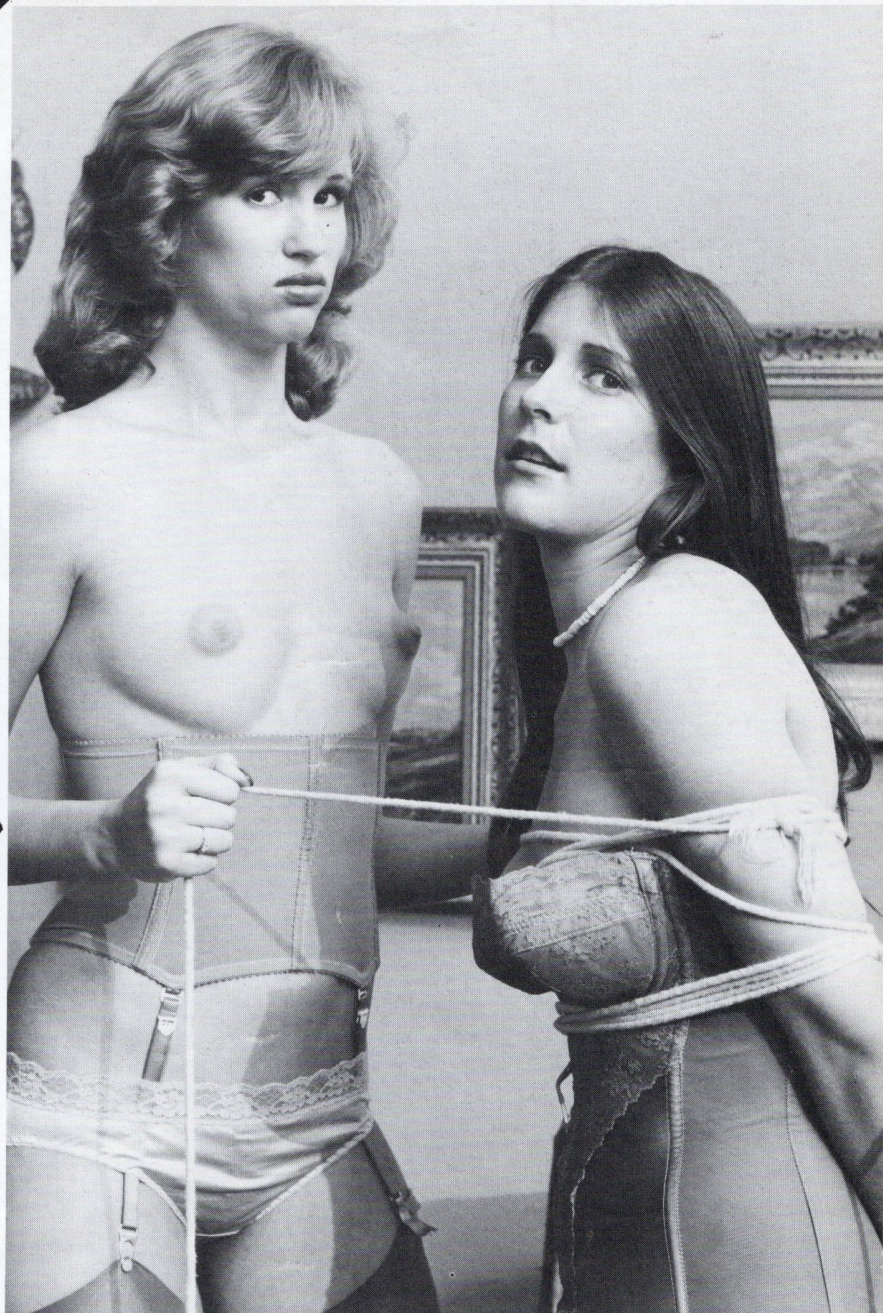


Please me.

I had been bored at the cocktail party being held at the latest opening in the art gallery. It was the usual group of art addicts, fellow travelers and people who would attend any opening, anywhere.

Please me.

His eyes were piercing, blue, and painfully passionate. He looked right through me and I liked that. I liked it so much I licked my lips as he watched me. He smiled when he saw that.



Please me.

As if in a fog, I moved toward him as the party began to disperse. His eyes began to burn their commands into mine and shortly thereafter I found myself being propelled toward his automobile.

Please me.

He gave me a drink at his apartment but I don't know what the alcohol content consisted of. All I remember was the slip knot of the rope he kept playing with as he talked of art and music and politics and all

the so-called important things of the day.

Please me.

I don't recall exactly how the slip knot came to be around my neck, but suddenly it was there, entwining its painful way into my burning flesh. I found myself being led upstairs and finally being pulled by my rope collar into a huge room. He smiled at me and said, "You'll be happy here." I knew I would be.





There was a beautiful woman at the far end of the room. She was naked and there were heavy ropes tying her hands to her feet. She hung in a spread-eagled position. I flinched as I saw her agony, but then his soft, crooning voice whispered into my ear, "You do want to please me, don't you?"

He stripped my blouse and brassiere from me, exposing my voluminous, creamy breasts. He bit down on one. I gasped from the pain. "I like that," he cooed. "You respond to my action just the way I like a girl to respond. I think you and I are going to get along just fine."

The other girl was gagged when we entered the room, but right after he whispered his own version of a sweet endearment to me, he walked over to her, removed the gag and smiled. I heard soft moans coming out of her throat over and over again. He commanded, "Tell my new slave how much you like to please me, darling. Tell her."

The gigantically proportioned girl began babbling things about being tied to the floor, trussed up to his feet, totally willing to perform any act he desired, while her eyes occasionally darted a furtive glance toward him, hoping that she was pleasing him as she talked. He grabbed the brassiere he had stripped off me and jammed it down, way down into her mouth. He then grabbed the ropes around her bulbous breasts and the ones around her ankles and twisted them as she begged for mercy. Only no sound emanated from her lips with the gag she now had implanted in her.

Just as violently he pulled the gag out of her mouth and ordered, "Speak, my lovely. Tell our new friend of your joy."

"Oh, I love my bondage," she cried. "I love it eating into my arms, and my tits, and my legs."



With that, he took the multi-knotted rope he had taken off my neck and brutally shoved it up her cunt.

"There, my darling," he smirked as she moaned in delicious ecstasy. "More pleasure, because you please me."

But how would I be asked to please him? I couldn't bear such bondage. I wanted to flee from him, from this strange nether world I had entered, but somehow I couldn't. I was scared from head to toe and yet I remained anchored to the spot where he had left me.







"And now, you," he grinned. "Come to me, my pretty wench. Over here, my darling. You do want to please me, don't you?"

And I did want to please him. As petrified as I was, I still found my legs walking toward this man who would be my Master.

As I drew halfway to him, he pressed a button, and with a thunderous roar an avalanche of bindings tumbled to the floor. Ropes—ties—straps: bondage and restraints of all lengths and strengths. Within instants my arms and legs were bound, my circulation was almost completely cut off, my breasts and private parts were totally exposed and at the mercy of his every whim as he brutalized them into exhaustion. Finally, he chained them into bondage, cutting off any vestige of the life-flow left within my body. I swooned and almost fell into a faint. He kissed me and whispered, "What do you desire most in the world?"

I heard a voice within me answer, "To please you, my master. To please you."

I then found myself being tied to the girl who was in bondage when we entered the room. End to end we were bound over and over again.

He smiled at me and said, "This, my dear, is simply a warm-up. The beginning of your initiation."

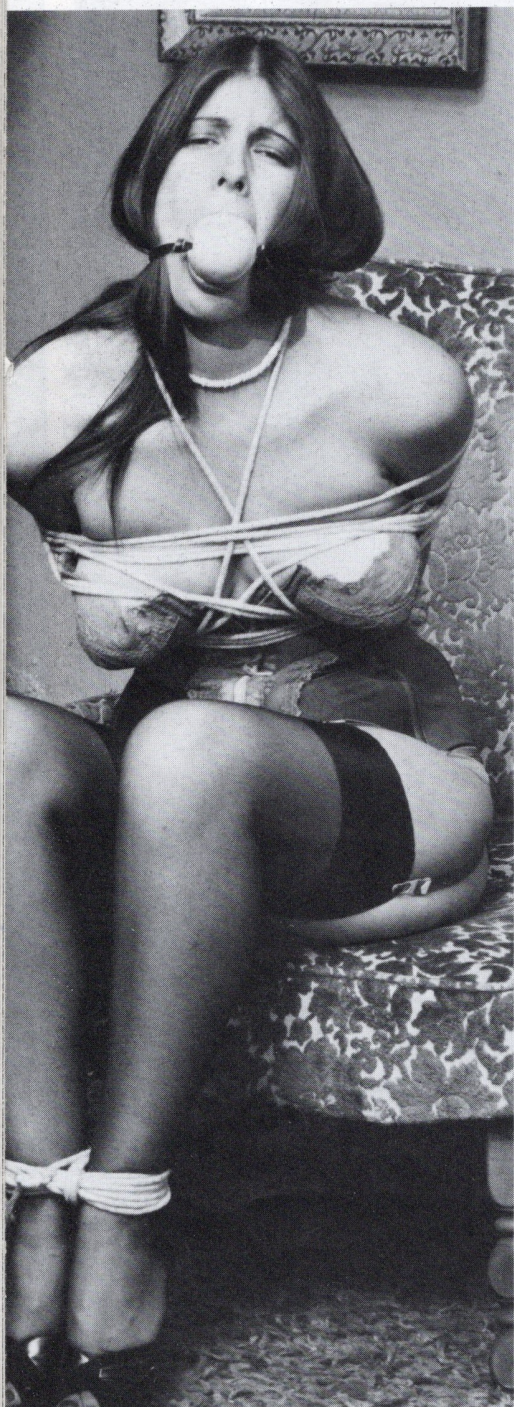
I had never been so helpless and so incarcerated. I wanted

to scream but instead I found myself softly moaning as the other girl had done earlier, and then I began licking her ties as she licked mine. Eventually I began licking my Master as he pulled on the ropes and twisted them into our hot, burning flesh. He took out a camera and photographed us over and over again, as we hung there drooling, and saying, "More, Master. More. More. More."

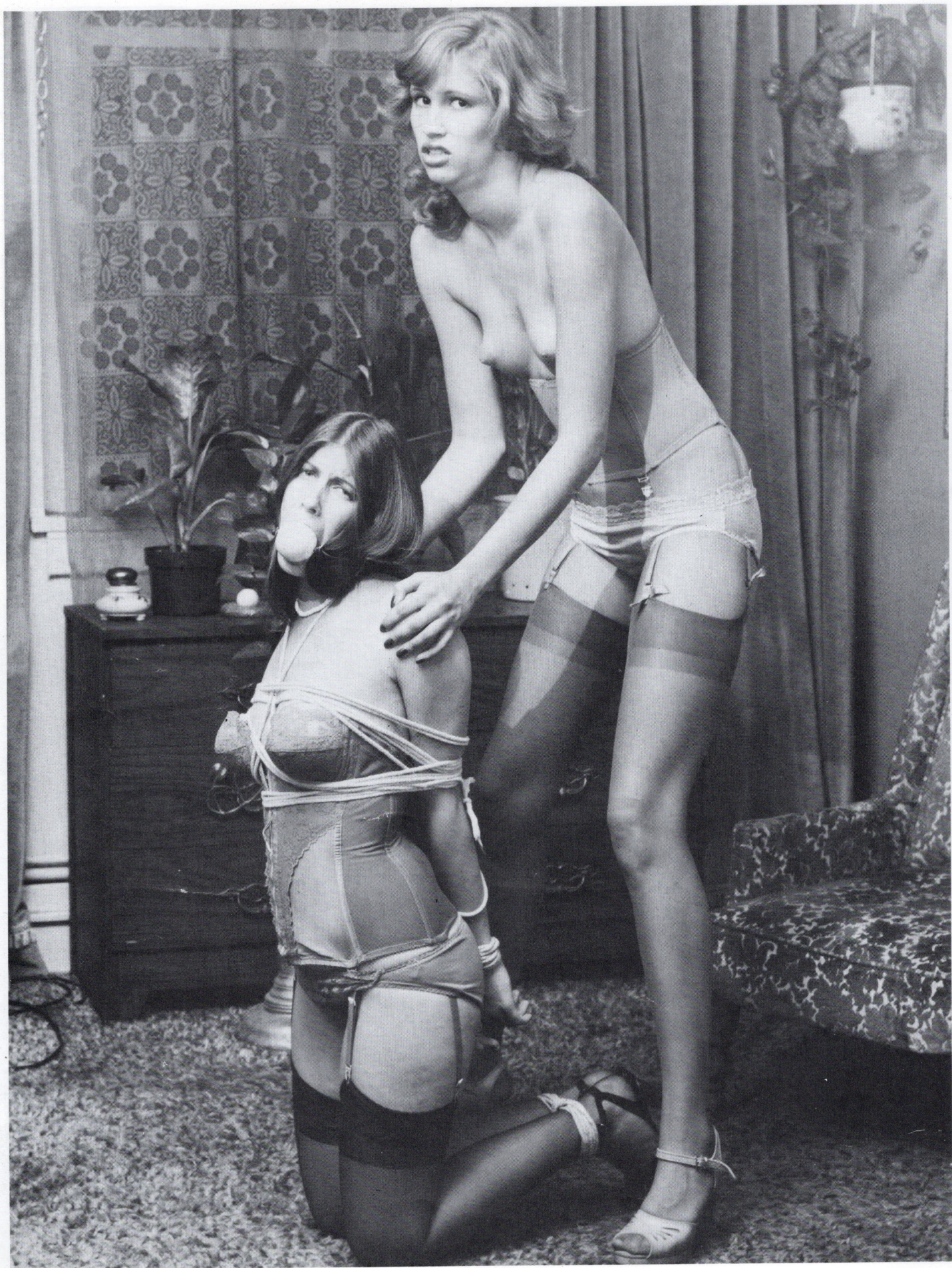
That was only a few weeks ago, but today, that girl and I

live together. We don't go out too often, but when we do you can bet it isn't alone.

Most of the time we just hang around waiting for our man to come over. The man with the rope. The man who controls us. The man who brings us pleasure. The man who has taught me that bondage is the most beautiful way of life I have ever experienced. How I love those burning hot ropes piercing my skin and making me moan for more—more—more!













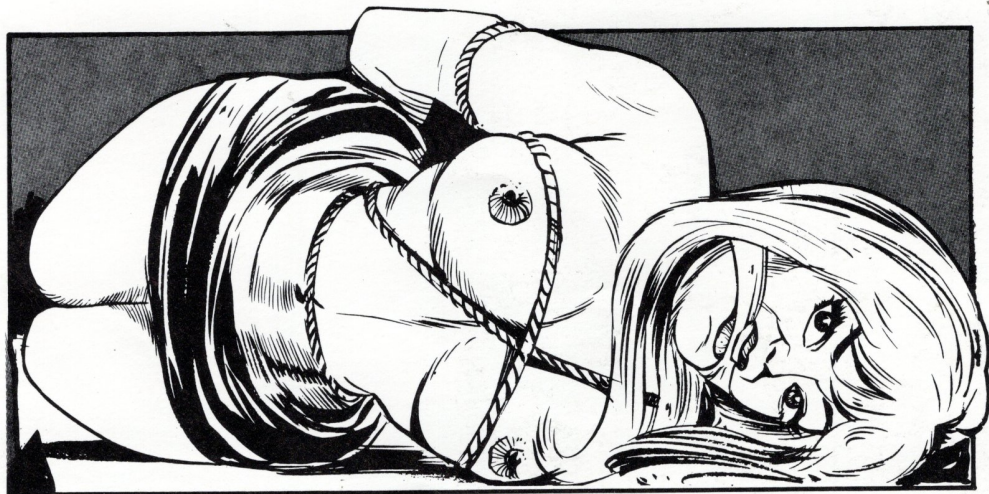
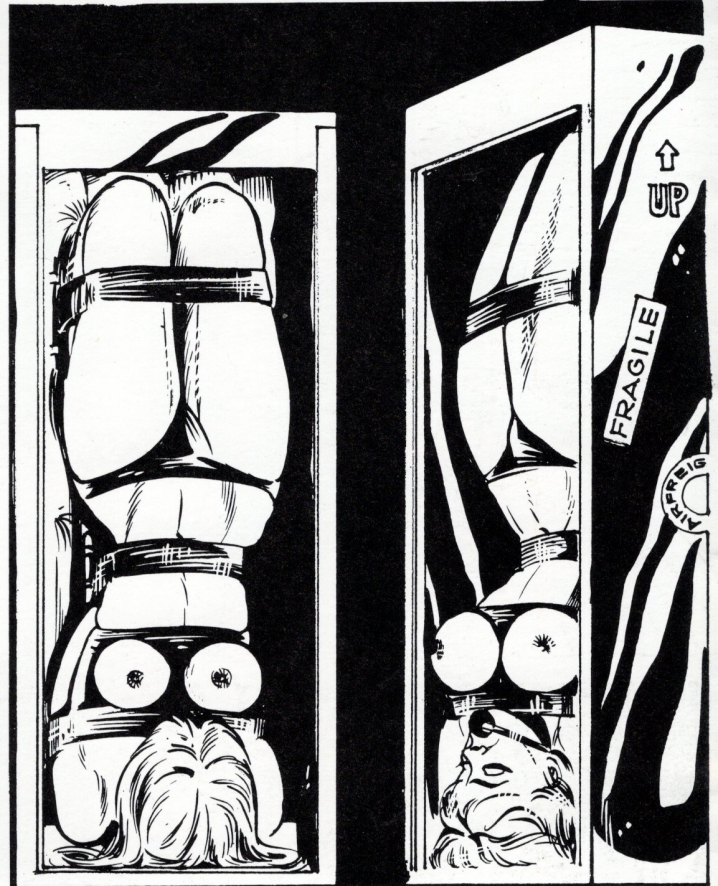








female Bondage









THE CAPTIVE



When my sister informed me that she was coming to visit me for several weeks I was terrified. Michael was in town and he wanted to experiment with his ropes. That meant that I had to give him all my time; he would not allow any interference.

Somehow I had to keep Leslie out of town but before I had a chance to think of a way she was on my doorstep. The moment I saw the freshness in her eyes I knew that I was going to have trouble. She would never understand my new desires. Even if I merely hinted at them she would be horrified. There didn't seem to be any solution to my problem.

Just as my sister and I began to reminisce the phone rang. It was Michael, he wanted to see me at once. Of course I could not keep him waiting. Leslie insisted upon coming with me. No amount of explaining could keep her away. And so the two of us set off for Michael's home.

All the way to that secluded home on the east side of town I was intensely apprehensive. Of course Leslie would have to wait in the car. My session would last at least a couple of hours and she would have to be patient.

As I entered the house I looked back at my sister in the car. Again I noticed that trenchant look in her eye. I was frankly puzzled by her attitude but I had no time to investigate it further.

Michael's mood was nasty. Something had upset him earlier but there was no way that I could discover why he was so ill-humored. The ropes were pulled over my nude body as though I were a frozen side of beef hanging from a hook.







Never had he dragged the double-braided ropes over the tender parts between my smooth thighs before. This was one more incident that confirmed my original opinion of his attitude.

And then as a double loop was pulled tight beneath my armpits and fastened to my ankles there was a sound at the

door. Instantly Michael pulled back. Under no condition would he allow any interruptions once the session had begun. Without warning he swung the door open and there on the threshold was my sister. My heart almost stopped at that moment.

From my immobile position I was unable to see the expression on Michael's face but from

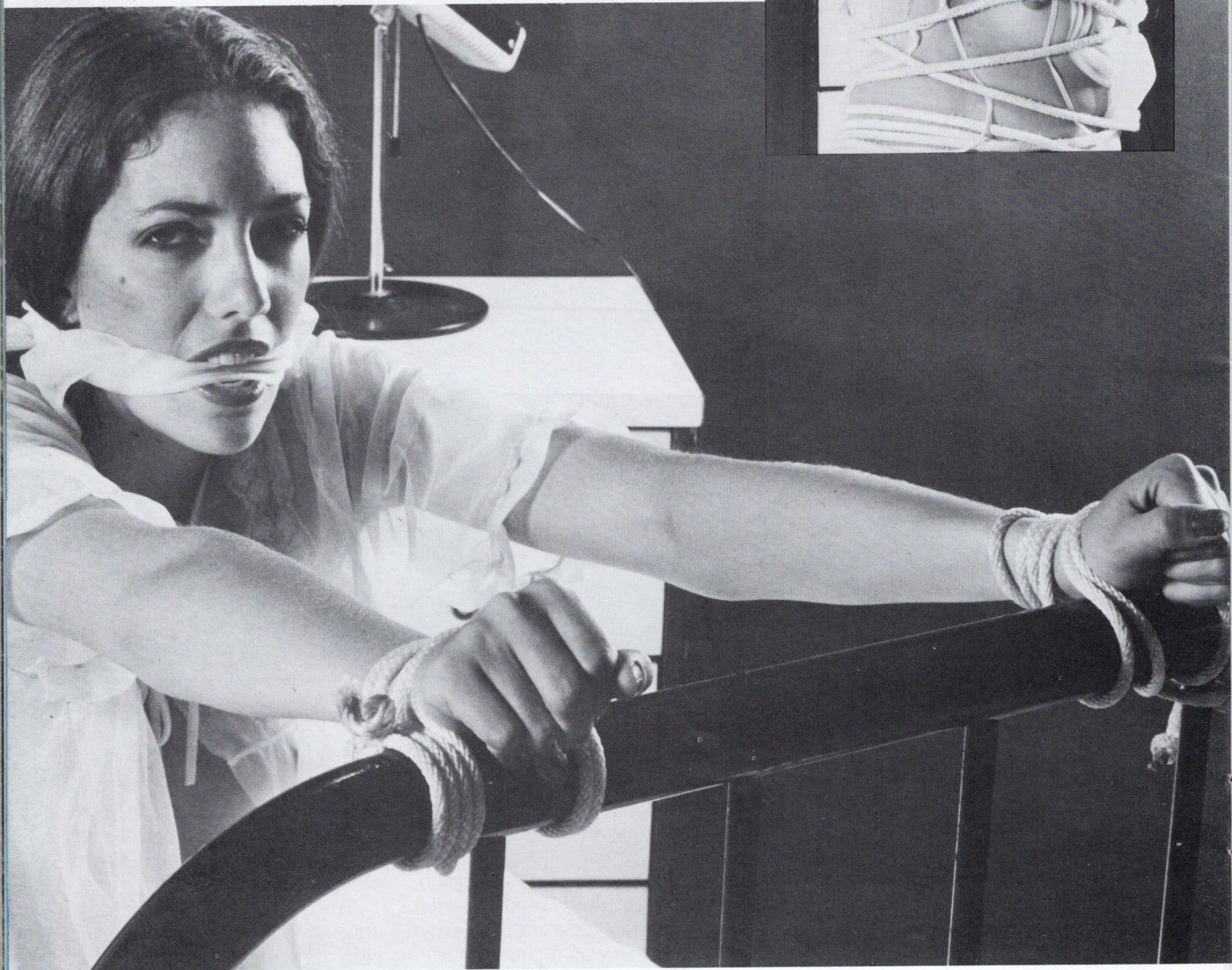
the almost imperceptible shaking of his hand I could see that he was furious. There was no way that I could warn my sister, all I could do was silently be a witness to the chain of events which would surely take place. Michael moved like a cat to her side.

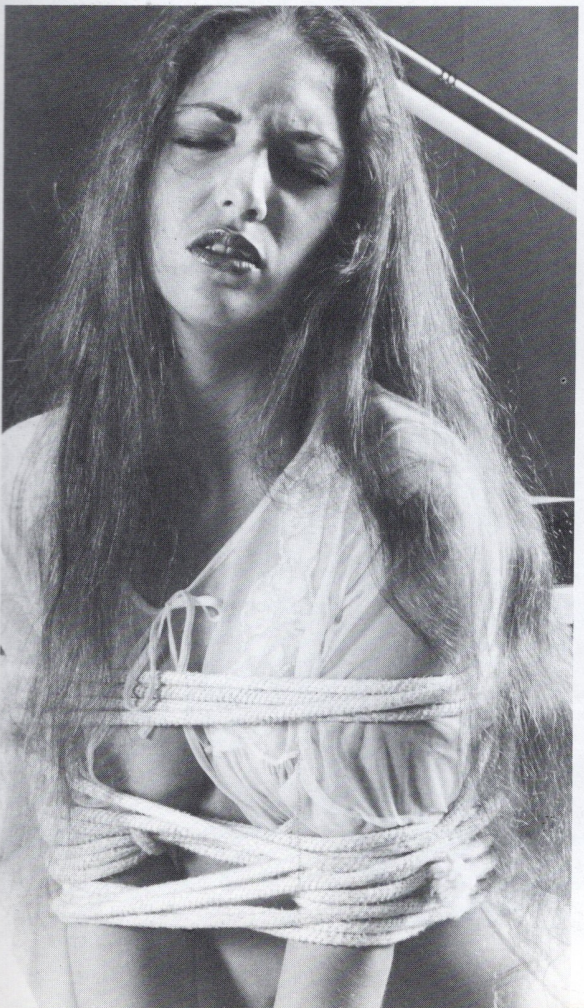
Watching him rip the clothes from my sister's body was like being in the center of a slow motion picture. All of a sudden both of their bodies were magnified. I could see the pores in their skin vividly. When the ropes began to circle Leslie's beautiful nude body a shudder went down my spine. I wanted those ropes to pull into her smooth skin so tight that her

circulation would momentarily stop and the tips of her limbs would turn white.

Maybe Michael was able to read my mind at that moment because the bonds were neatly sliced into her squirming body. Because my concentration was so intense I transferred Leslie's feelings to myself.

Closing my eyes I began to drift further into this magnificent fantasy which was invading my inner thoughts. And then I felt a hard slap against my buttocks and my eyes snapped open. Beside me was Michael with a new set of ropes in his hand. He had no intention of allowing me to ride on someone else's trip. I had to take the



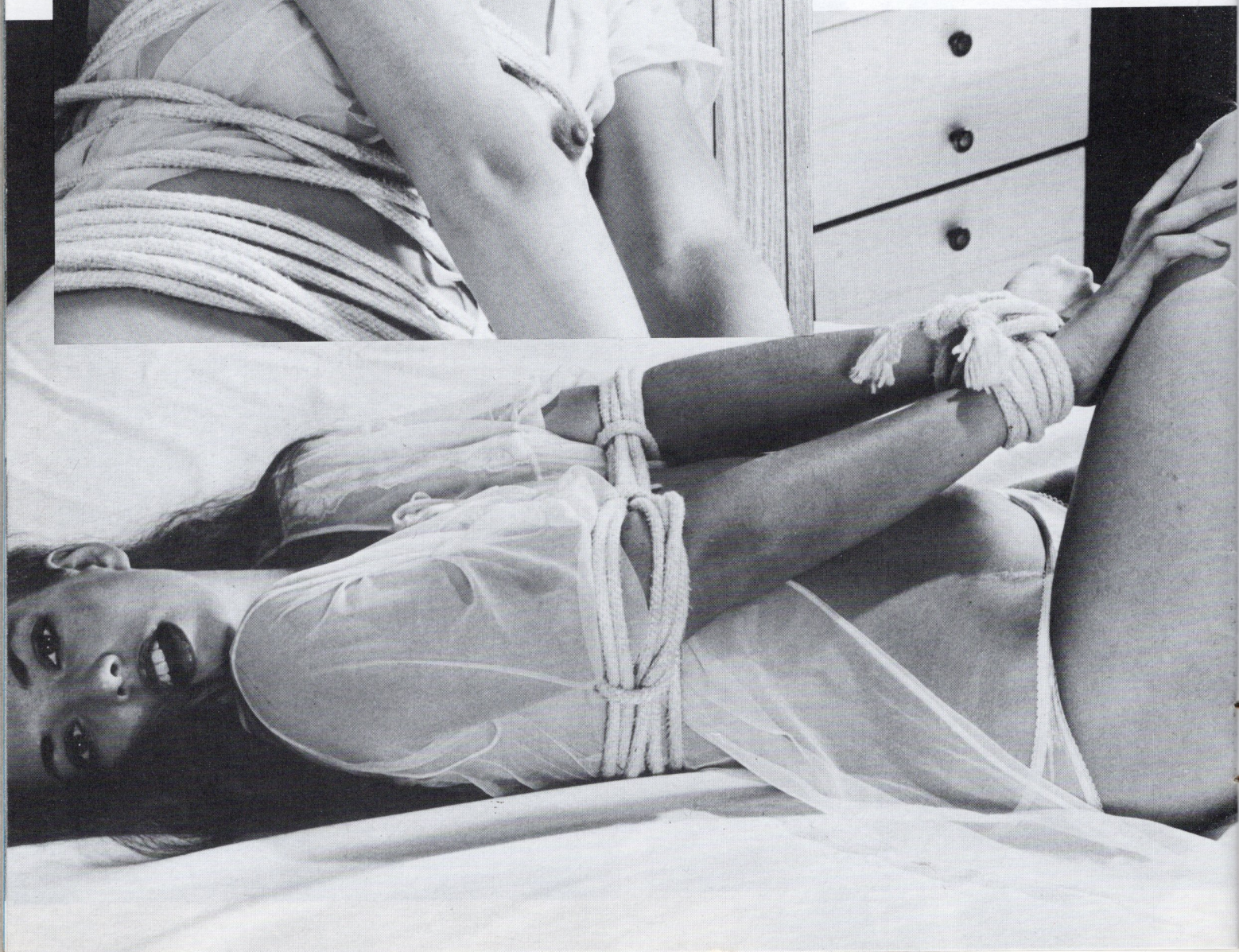




same kind of punishment. In fact, I would be required to perform even more since I was the one with the experience. Now it was Leslie's turn to be the spectator.

But again Michael's incredible versatility came to the fore. By some remarkable twist he was able to handle both of us at the same time. Although I tried to watch his hands move rapidly between us I found myself becoming confused and uncertain. Had I somehow tumbled back into that fantasy world which I seemed to enjoy so much? There was no sure way of telling.

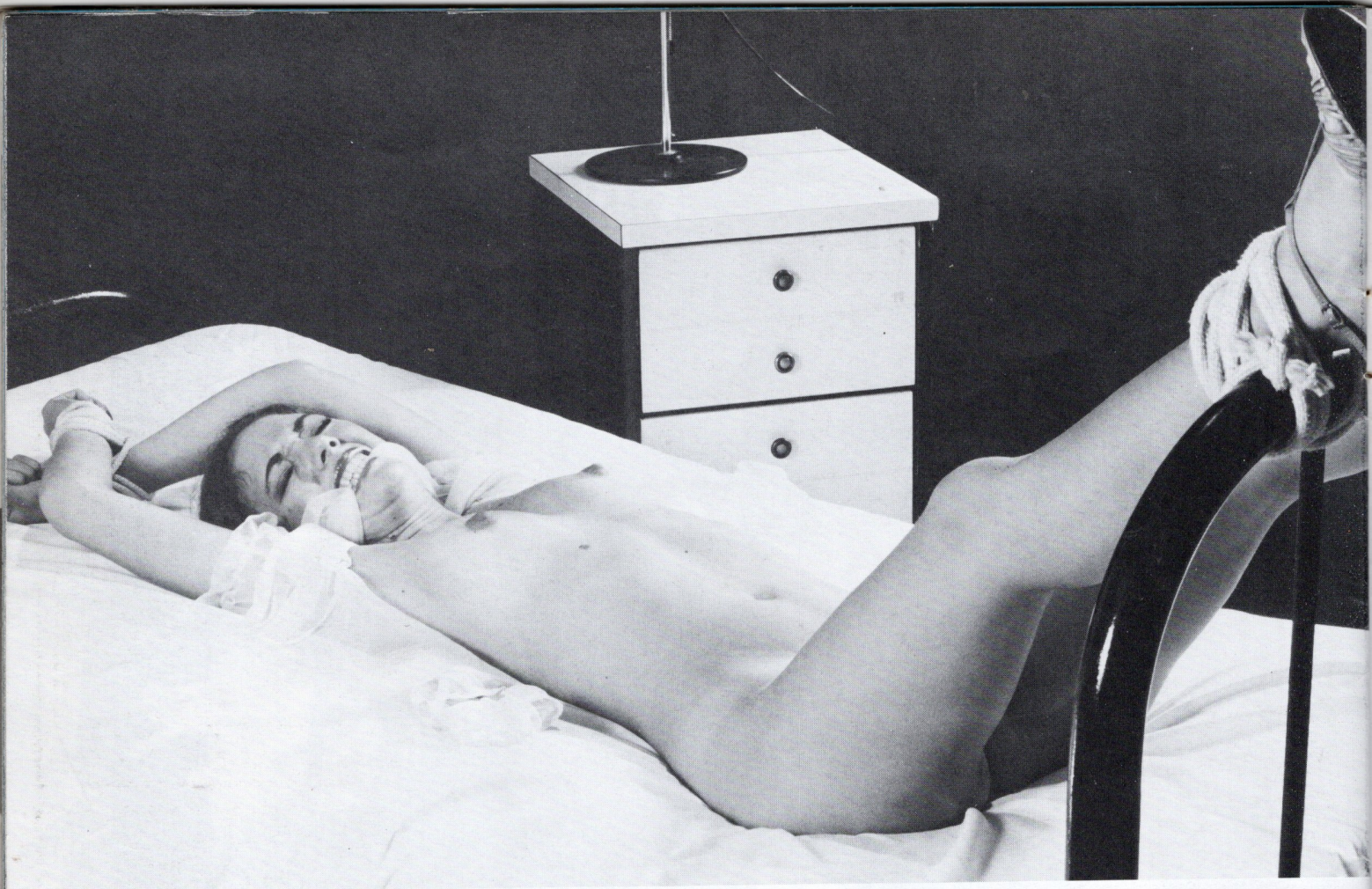
It was only when I heard the shrill scream erupt from Leslie's strangled throat that I came to my senses.











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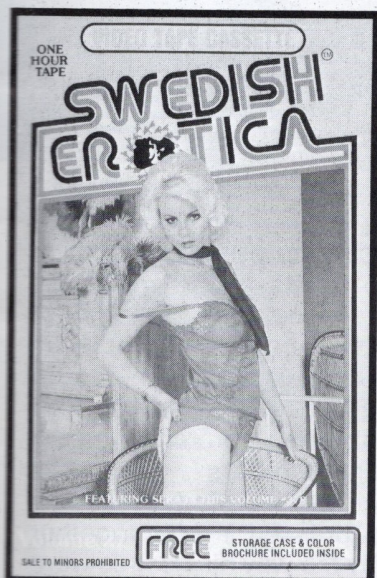
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Sensual Susan and her sorority sister go to meet her boyfriend in the park. Her sister's mammoth boobs turn them both on, and this sexy hot threesome has a hot day in the park!



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SLAVE TRAINING



When I saw Martin double lock his den on the second floor I knew that tonight I was going to receive the ultimate in bondage. He had promised this to me several months ago when we were traveling in Mexico. It was always during a journey that he would reveal his future plans to me.

Our relationship had several levels. At times we were almost like brother and sister. But then when he became restless I

could see the change take place in his face. He needed the feel of ropes in his hands and it would not be long before my nude body would feel the anger of his clutching hands.

Obviously I have no desire to leave Martin even though I have experienced several fractured ribs in the past. His abrupt change of mood intrigues me. Just when I think I have him figured out he makes a switch that sends me over the side. I always



have to be on guard because I never know when he will move in with a vengeance.

As usual I was expected early the next morning and no further questions could be asked. The thought of the double-locked door was enough to make me be prompt. Wearing no underclothes I presented myself before Martin. His lips were pressed tightly together and by the way his nostrils were undulating I could tell that he was breathing deeply. This could only mean that he intended to expend an enormous amount of energy in the next few hours. My blood began to race and I could feel my eyelids begin to flicker. I hated to give my emotions away so freely but there was nothing I could do.

During the last few months the electrical system in Martin's house had been changed. From hidden switches he could change the intensity of the





lights in an instant. Adjusting the illumination with his moods was an effective device. It was difficult not to bend to his unspoken desires when various levels of light and darkness surround you.

His hard, muscular hands began to rub my breasts and instantly my nipples became stiff.







(If only he had been the type to suck on those extended beauties I would have experienced a fulfillment which could never be duplicated. Unfortunately this was not his style.)

When he then turned his attention to my full buttocks I knew that I was in for an evening of surprises. In the past he had only been interested in my limbs and torso. The quicker he was able to bind my wrists and ankles the more secure he felt.

This time he seemed to want to explore my crevices and even probe deep down inside.

Since I was receiving all this intimate attention I also had a desire to explore. In my mind I could see myself groping his huge cock. Of course I had never had the nerve to do such a thing in the past because it is not right for one who is submissive to interrupt the aggressor.

But as he continued to finger my puckered anus I became more brazen. My hand reached out and fondled that bulging head that seemed to have its own unique throb. When he didn't draw away I became more bold. Thoughts of sucking on that mammoth jackhammer flashed in my mind. But before I could part my lips and sink down on my knees I felt my hands being jerked to the rear.

When they were pulled up tight towards the nape of my neck I thought my elbows were going to split apart.

And then without warning my entire body was forced forward. Leaning in that precarious angle he looped two ropes which immediately separated my breasts. My nipples were squeezed even harder and suddenly the air in my lungs was whisked away and the interior of my body became a flaming vacuum. A bright redness covered the lenses of my eyes. Blood was pumping at a triple tempo inside my skull. Some-



where in the midst of all that turmoil I was sure that a vessel was going to burst and that my entire body would explode into a bloody mass.

In the back of my mind, however, I knew that Martin was always in control. There was that survival line which he would never cross. He knew that the system had to keep running or the partnership in bondage would come to an abrupt end.

More ropes were applied to my hips, legs and upper torso. They were all linked together and this caused a pressure which I had never felt before.





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